I Can Make You Love Me

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I Can Make You Love Me

by Serpine

Summary

Hannibal has just been outed as the Ripper, so what's the one thing he choses to take with him when he flees? A reluctant and terrified FBI profiler, who Hannibal's determined to make his, no matter what it takes. Hannigram, non-con, dub-con, murder (duh), slightly BDSM

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

William Graham was not a neat person. Anyone who knew him figured this out pretty quickly, since it was written all over what he wore and what he did. His car was fine example of that.

It was old, rusted blue, barely pulling through and on the verge of dying every single possible day, and the inside was coated in a layer of pages that were plans and paper he had to grade for class. To someone who didn't know, it would several dictionaries had blown up inside the car, but Will Graham assured anyone who asked that he had a system. He could afford a better car, but he wouldn't leave the one he had until it flat out and died.

Which it did, on his way to work on an early Saturday morning, leaving him stranded in Nowhere, Maryland with nothing but twenty miles between him and the next town. He stared glumly at the engine for an obscene amount of time, thinking that if he just stared long enough and looked sad enough, the radiator would eventually up and fix without his help. Pulling his head out, he took a deep breath to let go of the urge to kick the car, and then it started to rain. Whimpering slightly, something he'd never do if he'd thought anyone was watching, he pulled his hood up to try to defend his glasses against the rain. If anyone came by at all on this road, it would be a complete blessing.

He'd been on his way to Oakfield, Pennsylvania to help Agent Crawford with a case, another one by the Chesapeake Ripper. It was the first time the Chesapeake Ripper had killed in at least two years, and Jack was desperate to catch him this time, so much so that he was happy to drag Will Graham out of his classes and get him out on the field. Will wasn't sure how much use he'd be. He'd spent all of last evening looking at the crime scene photos from the last time he'd struck and he was missing something, he knew he was missing something, but he couldn't figure out what that was. He'd been hoping to find it out today, at that crime scene, but he could only figure out the mystery if he could actually get there, which wasn't looking likely. Sadly enough, he'd left his phone at home again, since he could never get the hang of using it. He lay back in his seat, allowing for a moment the rain and the car to defeat him.

Headlights glowed behind him and his eyes shot open. He fumbled to get the car down open and jumped out in a puddle, holding his hand over his eyes to try and see. A black, expensive looking car was approaching, and Will prayed he would be able to see him through all the rain. He stood on the side of the road and waved, hoping to get some attention, and the car speed by. He let out a deep sigh. Figures, that meant he had to walk all the way to town to call and taxi and get totally soaked—up ahead, the black car pulled over not fifteen feet from Will and he perked up. The man's features were sharp and regally handsome, his hair was thick and combed back away from his fine features, but what were really fascinating were his eyes. They were an odd shade, somewhere between bright yellow and brown, and from the reflection glancing off the light in his car; his eyes seemed, for a moment, scarlet red.

Dr. Lector.

"Car troubles?" He asked, his voice light and foreign, and his eyes sparkling a bit with humor. Will let out a huge sigh of relief. "Thank god it's you, Doctor. I was really hoping I wasn't going to have to beg a ride off of some stranger."

"It's not a problem." Hannibal said with an easy, slight smile. "I am happy to help a friend in need. Your car, it is dead?"

Smiling sheepishly, Will shrugged. "It's been on the brink of death for years. I was wondering if I could borrow your cellphone? I left mine at home."

"Absolutely, but first why don't you come in out of that rain. It looks horrendous out there," his nose was crinkled in disdain. In truth, it was starting to become a down wards flood of epic proportions. "I wouldn't want my favorite patient getting sick, after all."

"Thank you," Will said with a smile, sliding in, trying to keep his seat from getting wet. He called the tow company first, telling them to be extra careful with his car and not to move around any of the stuff on the floor and seats. Finally, he looked at Hannibal. "You wouldn't happen to be going to Pennsylvania, too, would you?"

"Indeed, I am." Hannibal said after an unnoticeable and short pause. "Oh, good, I'm glad Jack called you in too. I hate having to work the Ripper cases alone, it's just so…" He struggled to find the right words for it.

"Creepy?" Hannibal asked with a slight smile.

"No, not that," Will tossed his head to the side, shyly. "Well, I suppose you are my therapist, or my… I don't know, friend? I just kind of feel when I see the Ripper's victims…"

"Yes?" Hannibal asked, barely able to contain himself.

"I see myself in them." Will said finally, and the touch of a real smile came across Hannibal's face, the first real one in years. "It's hard to explain."

"Then don't." Hannibal said. "Some things are impossible to put into the human language. Tell me, what have you gathered from his victims?" They settled into the old routine of questions, Will becoming noticeably more comfortable.

"Well, this is at least the fifth Ripper victim I've been to, so I think I have a pretty good feel on who I think he is. He's… intelligent, sophisticated, and he thinks… no, he knows he's better than his victims. He thinks they're filth, animals, undeserving… but despite it all he's happy with the time he spends with them, with… what he gets out of it. He's vastly enjoying himself." Will said, turning his head slightly to the side as he thought. Hannibal's eyes glowed, and his smile turned into a smirk. Will was one of the few people he liked to hear talk about 'The Ripper', because he was always so… right. In fact, everything about Will was perfect. Hannibal had created killers before, but… none like Will Graham. He was special. Hannibal saw himself in Will, saw someone worthy for the first time in what seemed like forever. He wanted to make Will into a killer, but more than that. All the others had merely

been experiments, distractions, and he enjoyed seeing them get caught. Will, on the other hand, he wanted to keep forever. He wanted to make Will into the perfect untouchable killer, like himself. He wanted Will to be his partner, in every way. They would take people and kill them together—it would be easy to influence Will's trusting mind, especially with the usage of drugs and his empathy. Then they'd devour the bodies, and… and… He imagined sinking into Will's trusting body, making them whole, complete, together. The things he'd do to him…

"It's exciting," Will said, blissfully unaware, "isn't it?"

"Hmm?" Hannibal asked, snapped out of his daydreams.

"Jack didn't tell you? The Ripper left some sort of evidence, so they're about to find him. Apparently the victim stayed alive long enough to make some sort of phone call, and knew whom the Ripper was. He said who it was on the recording." Will said, still blissful, but Hannibal could feel the blood pounding in his ears. That little maggot Harrison! He knew he should have made sure, but he'd already strangled him and cut out his liver and kidneys. How could he have…? And Jack. Calling him in that soft voice, leading him right to his own arrest. What a foolish mistake. He couldn't believe it was about to end like this.

"Interesting," Hannibal finally managed.

"Yeah, actually, I was going to call Jack, give him a heads-up that I might be a bit late. You don't mind?" Hannibal indicated that he didn't and Will picked up the phone. He could hear the dial tone clearly enough, and his mind was ablaze. Of course he had a backup plane to leave the States for this very situation, but he couldn't leave Will behind. All his plans… Even as Jack answered the phone, Hannibal was already deciding what to do. The car began to slow down. "Hello, Jack? I had a bit of car trouble so I'm going to be late." Faintly, he heard Jack talking back over the phone. "Oh, yeah," Will said, as the car gained more and more speed. "I got a ride with Hannibal. Apparently he was on his way there, too?" Absolute silence on the other end, except the faintest of gasps, which told Hannibal all he needed to know. Already the steering wheel was drifting, and Hannibal was preparing himself for it. Then Jack started yelling, so loud even Hannibal could hear him.

"Get out, Will! He's the Ripper! Hannibal is the Ripper!" There was the faintest pause of time, as Will comprehended what was said, and faintly turned to look at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye. Hannibal was already leaning over across the seat, going for the glove compartment and Will still wasn't moving, staring at Hannibal with an indecipherable look of shock and betrayal on his face and still not moving. Hannibal pulled a needle out of the compartment and then finally Will reacted, shoving Hannibal's arm away and struggling against his seatbelt to get out. He grabbed Will strongly with the one arm that wasn't holding the needle, pressing Will's back into his chest, his arm under his chin. It reminded Hannibal of all his times with his victims, though this time was obscenely different. Will was different. There was something heart wrenching, even to Hannibal, about seeing the despair and fear and betrayal on Will's face, though his face as always was emotionless. Calmly, confidently, Hannibal managed to jab the needle into Will Graham's arm and inject him, despite his struggles. Finally, Will's struggles lessened and lessened, until Will was fully asleep in his arms. He pulled the needle out and back into the glove compartment, stopping only to place a

tender and compassionate kiss on Will's head. He hadn't wanted it to go like this, but he was convinced there were still ways to make Will exactly the way he wanted him to be. Over the telephone, Jack screamed and shouted, but Hannibal had already made his choice to pick up and go, and so he started the car back up with Will in the seat next to him and began the long road. There were still ways to make Will his, and he now had all the time in the world to do it.

Warnings for murder in the next chapter, though I'm sure that shocks no one. Please read & review! It helps, it really does.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hi guys!! So, Will is an adorable little kitten (like always) in this chapter, and Hannibal's plans are further revealed... dun dun DUN!!!
Also, if you want to read further ahead, this entire story is already posted on fan fiction.net I'm just slowly updating it here

Chapter 2

When Will woke up, it was with a blinding headache and the feeling that something just wasn't quite right. He was alone, in a near empty room, lying on a luxurious king-sized bed with fluffy white covers, in a white room. There was a nightstand next to him, and a dresser across from him. The air felt stale, and Will got some sense that this house wasn't exactly lived in. He sat up, and immediately flopped back down again to stop the dizziness.

Where was he? What had happened? He remembered, vaguely, being called to a new crime scene, his car breaking down, Hannibal picking him up… His mind danced around the actual facts. He didn't want to deal with them now anyways.

There were no windows, and a chandelier. Will leaned back on the bed, groaning. His body was oddly numb in some places, and felt strange. It was, fortunately, just the under parts of his arms and his knees, but it was… off.

He tried to raise his right arm, trying to shake off the numbness when he saw it. There was a neat, clean, thin line of stitches, right over the muscles of his triceps. He tried to move his left arm, to stroke the stitches, see if they were real or if it was… fake or something, but his left arm wouldn't move either.

His eyes fluttered, the only symptom showing on his face of his panic, and he knew if he looked down he'd see similar incisions on his legs. Did he…? He didn't know what to think, but the shock of it brought the facts back to him.

The phone call, the realization, Hannibal slowing down, the needle that went into his arm, and the vague recollection of a long car ride, kept mostly dreamy because every hour or so Dr. Lector came back with a new injection.

The door opened, and Will's eyes widened. He understood now why there were no restraints on him on the bed. He could barely summon up the energy to move his arms an inch or two off the sofa, let alone crawl his way to the door, even if he wanted to. Dr. Lector stood there calmly, a neat serving of bread, eggs and fish next to a roll of fresh bandages and needles.

He didn't look surprised when Will asked, "What did you do to me?"

He put the tray down next to Will's bedside table before answering, "Nothing fatal." His peculiar red-brown eyes rose and met Will's with an intensity he'd never recognized before.

"I could work that out," Will said with a laugh that was all panic. "But what did you do to me?"

"I knew it'd be more convenient to have you slightly weakened for the next few months or so, so while you were sleeping I took the liberty of cutting a few of the muscles you would normally need to move efficiently. You have no reason to worry," Hannibal said nonchalantly, despite Will's disbelieving face. "The cuts were clean and will heal in their time."

"And in the meantime," Will asked tremulously, trying to put a brave face on it. "What's going to happen that I needed to have my muscles cut?"

Hannibal gave Will a tight smile, deciding omitting his plans was the best course. The things he planned to do to him… were best left unmentioned while Will was still in a vulnerable state and adjusting. "Stay here. We will continue our sessions, and I'll take care of you."

"You're a serial killer," Will said out loud, and Hannibal smiled slightly, and tugged off Will's old bandages.

"I'm also your friend, Will."

"We're not friends, Dr. Lector," Will said viciously, knowing it wasn't wise but needing to say it anyways. "You're the one we've been hunting all this time… you're a murderer."

Dr. Lector only smiled, though maybe Will could detect a hint of pain at Will's ferocity. "Nevertheless, I am now your only caretaker. We are alone here, hundreds of miles from any sort of civilization, and I am your only chance to survive."

Will's chin rose. "Jack Crawford will find you. Now that he knows who he's looking for."

Hannibal laughed out loud, enjoying Will's naivety, and saw the confidence leave his face. "Jack Crawford spent two years coming to my dinner parties and searching for me, Will. He's not as good as you think, and we're nowhere near where he can find us."

Hannibal found himself tracing an affectionate hand over Will's thigh, near where he cut, and pretended it was only to examine the wound. Will didn't flinch, which meant he had no idea the plans Hannibal had in store for him. The thought only made him happier.

His voice got softer, and lower. "All those years I spent avoiding killing, and I had a lot of free time left over. I found this nice place, owned by an old rich recluse. He gave me the keys and I made him into pie." He briefly enjoyed the look of shock, and settling look of despair creeping over Will's face. "We're in the Canadian wilderness, four hours away from the US border. I have enough money to sustain us for forever, and we have all the time in the world."

"Wh—" Will cleared his throat, his look of raw fear overcoming his indignity. "Why would you want that?"

Hannibal smiled again. "A discussion for later, I think." He softened when he examined the fear on Will's face. "Have no fear, my friend. I don't ever intend on eating you. That's for… the lesser masses. I have different plans in store for you." The look he gave him made Will shiver.

He leaned forward and placed a kiss on Will's head, lingering slightly. "Eat, if you can and have the appetite. We have much to do, but fortunately we have all the time in the world. I'll see you in a few hours." He gathered up the medical equipment and left a frozen looking Will staring at him from the bed, his face a mask of pain, confusion and fear.

He looked around him, and felt distinctly that everything Hannibal had said was true. He was alone here with him, he did depend on him… but it wouldn't always be that way, he vowed.

Eventually, Will was going to get his strength up and Hannibal was going to make a mistake.

It's not forever, Will lied to himself, I'll get out of this someday.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Chapter 3! Love all the reviews, even if I can't read Spanish… :P Big shout out to the story The Purple Room—If you guys like my story, you'll definitely like that one, as mine is kind of a fanfic of her fanfic and she's a fantastic writer with a great slow build and suspense story. :D

Warnings for… um…

So incredibly sorry, I meant to have murder in this chapter, but it got too long so I put it in the next, which I've immediately posted. So, yeah, everything's getting delayed and going slower. Sorry!

The night went by slowly, Hannibal bringing food up and tending to him carefully while Will's mind raced. He tried to think about his current situation, on how he was going to escape, but all he could remember was the victim's faces, and being in Hannibal's mind without knowing it. What did I say? Will laughed heart-brokenly to himself; He's a sadist that will be almost impossible to catch. He's intelligent, sensitive, and thinks himself above society. He won't make any mistakes.

Maybe, though… just maybe, taking Will in was a mistake Hannibal had made. As far as he could tell, the only way Hannibal was preventing Will from leaving was by injuring his muscles so he couldn't move, but after he healed, he saw no locks on the doors, and was intelligent enough to escape. Hannibal must have a plan, Will determined.

He spent the night alone, listening to creaks and groans of the house, hearing the hours tick by and trying not to close his eyes. Whenever his eyes closed he felt like Hannibal was in the room, a lurking nightmare in the corner of his eyes that he couldn't predict. When he did finally fall asleep, he dreamt of Hannibal. He dreamt Hannibal was growing, above the treetops, looking down at him with a therapist's smile and his fine suits, reaching down to pick him up but accidentally squishing him in the process. In another version of the dream, Hannibal held him in the palm of his giant hand, stroking him gently as one would an injured bird, Will's heart beating crazily in his chest.

He woke up, as he often did, in a cold sweat with his eyes foggy. The clock said five o'clock, but Will resolved not to risk any more nightmares.

He sat up by strength of his abdominal muscles, and moved to wipe the sweat away from his forehead, but cursed when his arms would only twitch, his fingers only clench. He couldn't raise his arms, or move his legs, and after the terrible inability to move in his dreams, now it felt like he was worse off than tied up and locked away.

Maybe that was part of Hannibal's plan? It was a lot more psychologically torturing to know that your body prevented your escape, not your surroundings. It was a different kind of betrayal, and made it difficult for Will to want to trust his body if the time came when he could escape.

Eventually Will heard the shower running, rooms over and closed his eyes in despair that he wasn't alone in this hell. Hannibal was awake. Will closed his eyes and tried to ignore the passing of time that brought Hannibal closer with each second.

When Hannibal finally arrived in Will's doorway, close to an hour later, with his hair, suit and eyes as unreadable and impeccable as always, he lingered a moment, watching Will. Finally, Will gave up on pretending to be asleep and let his eyes drift open. He stared at the ceiling; not saying a word as Hannibal gradually came across to his bedside. He put a hand on Will's forehead, checking for fever, and ran the lightest touch over each and every operational wound. Finding no infections or the like, he smiled down at Will, who resolutely ignored him.

"I suspect you'll need to go to the bathroom. Will you need help?" Hannibal reached under Will and helped pull him up into a sitting position. Will tried not to shudder at the thought of being accompanied by Hannibal every time he had to take a piss and scowled.

"I'll be fine on my own if you would get me to the bathroom." Silently, Hannibal got an arm underneath Will's shoulders and helped to propel him to the side of the bed. His legs lay uselessly were they were, merely straining as they tried to offer assistance in the move. They were weak as a newborn baby's, but Will clung to the hope that they'd move when he needed them to. His feet touched the floor, and his legs wobbled for a moment before completely giving up.

He ended up sprawled out on the floor, having not smacked his head only because Hannibal was there, silent but with the slightest of smiles hidden away. Will felt his face turn red.

"Um," he muttered eloquently. "I can't…" It was foolish, of course, to be feeling apologetic to the person who'd maimed him, but a part of him still saw himself as a burden on his psychologist and friend, even now knowing it had all been a lie.

"Mm," Hannibal said neutrally, hiding away his expression that was a mixture of aspiration and pure affection. He was really going to enjoy this next part. It was part of the reason why he'd decided to hurt Will like he had. "If you will allow me to…?" Without waiting for an answer, Hannibal scooped him up in his arms, bridal style, ignoring the reddening face of the younger man.

He was lighter than Hannibal expected, and now that they were so intimately close Hannibal felt like he could smell and touch everything on Will. The smell of his sweat, the terrible and old aftershave he used, the sheets on his body, the rain he'd been carried through just the other day. His skin was unsurprisingly soft, just like he'd imagined it would be, but there was a rightness he hadn't expected when he held Will, a sensation that made his heart pound with excitement and made him want to take him, right then and there.

"Perfect," he purred, without thinking, and Will twitched away in his arms. Had that been sensual for him? He didn't want to spoil the surprise if Will began to anticipate all Hannibal had in mind for him. "You don't weigh too much," he added on, his voice purposefully dry to make up for unexpected emotion. "I suspect I'll be doing this a lot in the next few days." He added on a sigh.

Will ducked his head and resisted the urge again to apologize.

He got him settled down in the bathroom and closed the door on his way out. The bathroom had been striped of anything even remotely capable of harming himself or Will. He'd even taken the shower curtains and the mirror away. The window in that bathroom he had covered with steel bars. It was just another sign of his imprisonment. Will went about his task clumsily, struggling to move his arms, but eventually managing after many tiresome tries. Outside, Hannibal fixed the bed sheets and hummed quietly under his breath, a classical piece that he planned to play that night.

Ah, what a pleasant time it was going to be. He found himself fixed in place, staring off as he imagined how the night was going to go. Will, helpless in his arms, crying and struggling, feeling his warm muscles, as he struggled not to…

Hannibal smiled. If he allowed himself too many fantasies, he'd never get anything done.

He collected Will from the bathroom, who looked frustrated and again tired, and relished holding him again. He bore it silently until Hannibal put him down on the bed. He looked up at Hannibal and finally asked, "Why am I here, Dr. Lector?"

Hannibal looked up and smiled. "Because I want you to be." He said, adjusting Will's position on the bed so he was lying down flat. "I enjoy your company immensely, Will, and I was not yet finished with you when Jack Crawford interrupted the process."

"Finished?" Will prodded tremulously.

Hannibal only smiled. "We have much work to do, but I am not inexperienced in influencing minds, Will. It will be harder now that you're more aware of who—of what I am, but I will make you perfect."

"I don't want you to make me anything."

"And yet you really don't have a choice in the matter. We will begin tonight." Hannibal swept his eyes over Will's cheap choice in clothing, crinkled from the rain and smelling like dogs. "You can wear those, since they need to be disposed of anyway."

Will tried to squirm his way into a more up-sitting position, but eventually flopped back down with a tired sigh. "And in the meantime?" Will asked quietly. "What am I supposed to do?"

"We can spend the day together," Hannibal said with a smile. "I will bring you some food, and we can talk until this evening, when I have plans. I understand this must be traumatic for you, so I'll do my best to answer any questions you might have."

"Appreciated," Will said wryly. His curiosity got the best of him. "What are you doing this evening?"

"Preparing," Hannibal said, and there was viciousness in his eyes that made Will go quiet. "For the evening."

Murder in the next chapter, promise it'll be more exciting! Read and review!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> This 4th chapter is kind of continuation of the third, but I promise a lot of gore and emotions :D. Warnings for murder, planning of rape, forced cannibalism and trauma. Good stuff.

Later, Hannibal was finally on the drive back home, all the necessities well and carried out; food supplies for the next month or so at most, though most of it was fresh product, household supplies, knives and plenty of toys. When the time came, he wanted to be fully prepared to go through with it and break Will. That meant a lot more than fucking him, it meant making sure he truly knew whom he belonged to, and part of that was having the right tools. The last of the ingredients for the night was in the back seat, slouched over each other and drooling.

Canadians were not easy prey. Unlike Americans, whose greed made it easy to trick them into accepting a drink, Canadians were hospitable and warm but distanced themselves. So, preferring his American prey, he travelled back to the states fairly and found his own prey.

The first one was a young woman who an acquaintance had mentioned; she slept with men in one-night stands, and forced them out in the mornings. She'd posted photos of the night on his acquaintance's professional site. That was rude in the extreme. The second was a man he'd met himself on one of his trips, who worked at a local hardware store and was disgustingly full of himself and condescending to others.

They'd do nicely for Will's first time.

He set the man in the basement, secured him and carried the girl to the top. She was pretty, young and seemed relatable. Whether that would make Will killing her easier or harder was completely unknown to Hannibal, but he was excited to find out.

She, of course, had to be killed in the kitchen to make the meal perfect. He cleared off the low table top, which was the perfect height for Will, and therefore for Hannibal, put a protective layer of wrap over it to stop the blood from staining and went about making the rest of the room perfect. Everything had to be just so. No clues that could ever possibly lead the FBI back to the cabin. He got on his clear suit, the one he always used.

He stripped her naked and made sure she was immobile on the table. It was about time for the drug to work out of her system, and for her to wake up. If that wasn't enough, he pulled out a knife and examined its sharpness.

"Whuh…?" Her head turned lop-sided, one eye opening drunkenly.

"Oh, just on time." He lowered the knife to her chest just below the collarbone, and relished the suspense for a moment. He placed the first cut a smooth and dignified mark, and her eyes widened and she jerked around the table, finally sober and conscious. The next line had her screaming, a high-pitched keen of agony.

In the room above the kitchen, Will was woken by the screams from his light daze. Everything in his body went tense, and he began to hyperventilate, a raw pit in his stomach of fear. Terror made time spread out, made the distance between him and Hannibal seem so short, and he suspected whatever Hannibal was going to do, Will was going to be involved somehow.

When Hannibal finally opened the door, Will was shaking on the bed; his eyes wide like a startled animal about to be slaughtered. It was almost lovely to watch, his Will spread out on the bed like a virgin sacrifice, scared for the first time. That's what this was like. It was… popping the cherry so Will would be okay with it later.

He tried to smile as gently as he could, offset by the screams down below, and ran an affectionate hand over Will's precious brown curls.

Will licked his lips, and said, like he was trying to convince himself, "you don't want to do this." It was more desperate than honest, and any illusion he might have gained during the day or that were still lingering that his former psychiatrist was not a serial killer were being destroyed.

Hannibal frowned at him, but his mood quickly lightened at the excuse to be able to pick Will up in his arms, holding him like a bride going to bed. "Use your gift, Will. You will see everything you need to know."

Will knew it was true, but he couldn't—didn't want to. His eyes shut and Hannibal gently carried him down the stairs. "I don't want to," he whispered.

"You will see none the less."

When the girl, strapped down to the table naked and cut, an X above her heart came into sight Will's breathing turned more erratic and Hannibal could feel the strong and quick pulsing of his heart through his suit and hands. It made him smile to imagine Will was feeling so strongly about this, and when Will turned away from the scene, unwittingly burying his face in Hannibal's chest, he felt a rush go down his body, and felt his arousal painfully.

This was perfect.

This was how it was supposed to be. Will, defenseless and in his arms before their kill, spread out like a feast on the table. Will, leaning into Hannibal to protect him from the nightmares, while he constructed the whole thing.

"Puh-puh-leez," the girl managed around her gag. Her eyes rolled around in her head, her entire being shaking. Obviously if Hannibal cutting her hadn't been a clear indication of what was going to happen to her, the rest of the knives arranged so lovingly around her were.

"Hannibal… Dr. Lector, don't do this," Will finally sobbed, and Hannibal brushed his hand over his hair comfortingly. He didn't like to see his Will so upset at such a beautiful moment in their relationship, but it was unavoidable and he had mentally prepared himself. No matter how pitifully and beautifully Will begged he had to complete his plan now. Tonight. "She hasn't done anything wrong, you can't do this to her!" His words became high pitched and frantic as Hannibal set him down on the table right next to her, their legs touching. Now Will's eyes were becoming wide and he asked fearfully, "are you killing me, too?"

"No," Hannibal said, "of course not. And I'm not going to be killing her, Will. You are."

The realization hit Will of what was about to happen, but he still shook his head vehemently, pulling away from Hannibal, trying to push himself off the table with what little strength he had. Hannibal put his body in to stop Will from going anywhere and shushed him until finally his frantic babbling stopped. Will was scared. That was all right, he wasn't used to it yet, but Hannibal would make this happen as many times as he had to until Will was like him.

The victim's hands were almost unbound except at her elbows, which was on purpose. Predictably, she reached up and began clawing at Will, digging her nails in to the skin on his arm, drawing blood. It almost made Hannibal hiss with jealousy. She had no right to go touching his Will, but it was all a part of the plan.

When they found the girl's body, they'd find Will's sweat and fingerprints on the knife, and his skin under her nails. They'd doubt it, Jack Crawford and the team personally knowing Will and Will being a known victim of kidnapping, but after fifth and sixth victims they'd start to doubt it. They'd have questions, which was exactly how Hannibal wanted it.

He tenderly took Will's hand and a thick, steak knife and carefully wrapped them together using tap. Will used all the strength in his hands to try and push it away, but Hannibal was still the stronger, and soon the knife was as surely connected to Will as Hannibal was. Will and the girl didn't seem to be able to take their eyes off the knife, both of them looking at it in object and complete horror.

Hannibal turned Will around so he was facing the girl, and lined up his shoulders so that his Will's were even. He put his head on Will's shoulder, and ran his fingers delicately over Will's maimed arms. The knife hung at the bottom of the table, as far away from Will as he could make it. All Hannibal had to do was position Will, lift up his arms, brace his back and gravity would do the rest of the work. Will wasn't able to lift his own arms, let alone a big steak knife.

Finally, Hannibal's hands rested on Will's wrists, and he could feel every tiny shake and shudder that Will made, tight up against his chest as he tried to escape. It felt so good; he made a note to remember it for future purposes. Perhaps it'd be a good position for when he and Will were making love, later.

"I'll give you an option," Hannibal whispered in Will's ear as he raised the steak knife in Will's hands. The noises of the victim were getting louder, but Will was quiet except for tiny helpless sobs. "I can let this knife drop with just you holding it, dragged down by gravity, which will likely make a dent of a few inches. Not enough to kill her, at least until I make you do it a second and third time. Or we can do it together." He pressed his body promisingly

against Will's wondering if he'd see the logic of a merciful death, or if he was too disgusted with Hannibal to bear having a murder in common. "Kill together. Be gods together, Will. You and I."

"I don't want to kill her." He whispered, barely in a breath.

"You will. You have a choice in how you kill her, though, Will."

Will drew in a shuddering breath, and finally said, "Together. I choose together."

The girl was the only one that could see Hannibal's triumphant and pleased smile, but of course dead women tell no tales. Hannibal would hold true on his promise. He nuzzled Will's neck affectionately for a moment of happy emotion, then he brought the knife up and enjoyed himself for a moment, hearing their terrified whimpers. He brought the knife down, perfectly over the X and straight through her heart. Merciful.

She stopped breathing within seconds and then the only noises were of her blood draining and Will gently crying, pressed against Hannibal's chest. Carefully, he unwrapped Will's hand from the knife, avoiding cutting himself and gathered Will up in his arms.

"Good job," he whispered. "You did so well, Will. I'm so proud of you." He held onto him as he shook and sobbed, offering Will the comfort no one else could and feeling him trying to get away. That was all right. Someday Will would come to enjoy these moments spent together.

He left Will there on the floor after about thirty minutes. He couldn't let the body go bad, sitting there, not where there was so much meat to be had. He heard Will's crying soften, until Hannibal picked up the knife and began cutting her up into perfect steaks. He had a different plan for each part of her body, but tonight they'd be eating her kidneys. Kidneys were always small, easy to eat and delicious. Perfect for Will's first known act of cannibalism.

Will was a bloody mess on the floor, tears and human remains all over him, so while the kidneys cooked in the oven, Hannibal went over and picked him up, regardless of the way Will flinched away, which cause no small pain in what was left of his heart. He cleaned him up and brought out some of the more casual clothes he'd bought Will, guessing the size, and gently began to remove Will's clothes. Removing the underwear was too person for Will not to understand Hannibal's intentions, so he avoided looking too long or too interestedly.

But he was very, very interested. Will's body was soft, smooth and compact, but there was a pleasant amount of muscles on display that was pleasing in every way. Not too much, not too little, and of course nothing in comparison with Hannibal's but his whole body was fascinatingly beautiful. His chest was completely hairless, more by DNA than intention, Hannibal correctly surmised. A few freckles dotted here and there that Hannibal desperately wanted to trace over with his tongue, and his nipples were small and pale, and he hoped, sensitive. Will seemed entirely oblivious to any lustful look Hannibal took, and truthfully, to the attractiveness of his own body. Even his face was so perfect.

Hannibal contemplated how lucky he was to find someone like him, who was so beautiful, innocent and utterly alike him.

Reluctantly he put clothes back on him, resolving that when the time came in that part of their relationship, Will would spend days naked on Hannibal's bed, spread out like the Greek god he so perfectly embodied. Then he would dress him up the nines only for the opportunity to rip those perfect suits off his body.

Looking away and dressing him up briskly to hide his growing reaction, Hannibal quickly set away and began cleaning and preparing other parts of the kitchen, of which he was particularly talented and experienced. He spent hours making everything perfect, and finally set Will up in a chair that would hold him while he finished preparing.

Will had a look in his eyes that saw far beyond the kitchen, a common expression in victims of trauma, and Hannibal approached him slowly with the plate of perfectly prepared kidneys, held out like an apology.

"Will?" He placed the plate in front of Will, and tried to ignore the look of utter repulsion on his face. He brushed his hair gently away from his face and held his chin in his hands. He voice grew stern. "You know I can make you eat this. You can't stop it, and I have plenty of extras."

More tears streamed from Will's eyes, a hopeless sort of agony in them, and he looked at Hannibal pleadingly. Hannibal set his face into one of seriousness, and held Will's eyes, which were absolutely beautiful like that, crying and pleading and looking to Hannibal for mercy.

"Eat this whole plate, or I will unfreeze other parts of her and feed you that much more."

Will gasped, a late sort of sob, and closed his eyes. Hannibal smiled and brought the first bite up to Will's mouth, which gradually opened…

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Okay guys, so this chapter is the one with rape in it! I actually don't feel too good about writing this, and I kind of wish it was less descriptive... if you don't want to read that sort of thing, the rest of the chapters are more Will recovering and stuff. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE FEEL FREE TO SKIP THIS CHAPTER
This is pretty hardcore. Frankly, it's just rape and it's kind of smutty written? but no, it's rape and I really don't want anyone to read it if they don't want to.

Will hadn’t been able to keep the kidneys down.

That was okay. He wouldn’t be able to keep throwing it up forever, since human flesh was all Hannibal intended to feed him. It would be mixed in with all the other things necessary to keep his Will healthy, but even later, when human flesh would be harder to hunt, Will would always look at every bit of meat like it was cut from a person. That was what Hannibal wanted.

That and… It was marvelous to see Will conscious of his own cannibalism, conscious while he was eating it, to see him swallow it down with that look of spiritual fear. Men placed such significance in human flesh. Decorated it up for special occasions, cleaned it all the time, and when they were dead, even then rituals were held. He liked breaking those rituals down, arguable some of the most sacred rituals of all.

It was most satisfying because he knew what it meant. It wouldn’t be long until Will was ready to hunt, live and be his equal. The knowledge that that was coming was satisfying the way a pleasant dream or goal was satisfying, but he knew it was out of reach. It was like the flavor of a wine; richened the longer it lasted, drawn out to perfection, but it would be years before he could completely trust Will, and even then he’d have to be handled with care.

He wanted immediate satisfaction as well.

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal said with a touch of fondness. “All that effort I went to making that for you. It’s almost unpleasant to see it wasted, but of course I’m much more pleased that you agreed in the first place.”

“I didn’t want it,” Will sobbed. “I didn’t want to…” He was trying to justify what he did, which was not acceptable. If he started developing the sense that Hannibal was to blame, instead of placing the blame on himself, it could lead to rebellion.

“Of course you wanted it. You wanted the quick way out. The painless way. Anyone else could have— would have, really— tried to at least take their own life to get away from doing

what you did tonight, but you… didn't."

"I had no choice."

"No. I gave you a choice, and you chose the right thing." He gave Will his toothbrush, and wiped the sweat from his neck. He'd had a stressful day, but Hannibal was afraid he was only going to make it worse. Hannibal pulled Will up away from the bathroom, and into Will's bedroom. If Will had been gaining back any strength, from the way he stumbled and trembled, it was all gone now. It was for the better.

"Someone giving you one clear and logical choice and one other with clearly terrible consequences isn't much of a choice," Will whispered as Hannibal propped him up, making Hannibal smile. His face was pale, his eyes unfocused, but his words indicated that the old Will was still working in there somewhere.

"Do you know why I chose you?" He asked, changing the subject. That got his Will's attention. "Out of everyone. Valuable psychiatrists, friends, psychotics under my care… I chose you. Why?" Will closed his eyes, involuntarily snapping into his empathetic gift.

"It's because— you see yourself in me." He opened his mouth like he was about to go on, but closed it firmly. "I'm nothing like you, Hannibal."

"You don't see it yet." Hannibal said, cupping his chin, making him look up at Hannibal. "Even before I took you, you were already becoming like me. I could see it, Will. Your empathetic gift is a beautiful thing. Before long you'll see everything like I do."

"That's it?" He asked weakly, disgusted. "You wanted me to… see the world through your eyes? And then what? What happens to me when… when we see things equally?"

"Live happily ever after?" Hannibal said with a slightly mischievous grin, a mask he used to wear for the public, but he, surprisingly, wanted to display some humanity to Will tonight. "I was thinking we might travel, tour Europe, visit Moscow…" There was a stunned look of horror on his face. "You thought I'd give you up, at some point." Hannibal guessed correctly.

"I thought… you were going to kill me, after your little experiment was done."

His little Will had thought Hannibal was going to abandon him, Hannibal thought fondly, running his finger through Will's curl, watching it fall back down, smiling. "I'm never going to leave you, Will. You're… everything to me now." He leaned forward, cradling Will's head in his hands, and brushed their lips together. Barely a butterfly kiss, but he heard Will gasp, saw it in the way his eyes diluted and slide past him. It barely required empathy to understand what was about to happen, but he saw the jump made anyway.

"No," he said quietly. "No, please, don't." Hannibal reached over and pressed his lips against Will's hard, and didn't let him pull away.

Will, trembling with effort, raised his arms to press Hannibal away. He lips were soft, and the feeling of him pushing back, so present and attentive to every move Hannibal made,

made the kiss. His body was electrified with what he was about to do.

His lips were soft, but they kept on pressing harder against him, trying to get his mouth open, but hanging back. It was wise of him. If Hannibal put his tongue inside his mouth, Will had every intention of biting him. He couldn't move his arms. Not well. Even at his fittest, he doubted he was a match for Hannibal Lector. He could feel the strength in his arms when he carried him, could feel the muscles as Hannibal pushed him down on the bed. He prayed, for the first time in years but not the first time of the day, that it would stop there. That Hannibal would back off— oh, he wasn't naive enough to think it wasn't going to happen. He prayed it wouldn't happen now, at one of the rawest emotional moments in his life. The stress had already made him cry, and his body and mind pushed him beyond that into a hazy, disoriented view that gave a level of surrealism to what was happening. Hannibal's hands were on his buttoned down shirt, working on the buttons, his fingers never shaking. His eyes had a predatory excitement as he swept a look up to Will's face, to see his fear and his desperation. He softened for a moment and caressed his face with one hand, the other not slowing down in it's movements.

"Please," Will said softly. "You know what this is. I don't want this."

"You will," Hannibal said shortly. "Don't worry, Will. I have experience with this."

"With rape."

"I'll be gentle." Hannibal looked down at Will's bare chest, as delicious as it looked yesterday, but this time bared for his sake. "If I can."

He fell on Will like an avalanche, his suit getting rumbled as he dragged himself over him. Will was hardly even aware of trying to get away, using what muscles he had to squirm out from underneath him, feeling tears of helplessness and hurt in his eyes. He pushed himself to the other end of the bed, gasping and holding back tears. Hannibal followed him patiently, his eyes never leaving his, except for when he looked appreciatively at Will's body.

Hannibal caught him at the edge of the bed, stopping him trying to get even farther away, and potentially hurting himself. He dragged Will screaming and kicking to the middle, displaying a strength even he hadn't been aware he had. Hannibal roughly gripped Will's face in one hand, squeezing tightly, making tears run over.

"The worse you struggle, the harder this will be for both of us."

"Then don't. Just leave, and we'll pretend nothing happened. We can go back to the way it was— you never needed my body before, for… for therapy."

"This isn't about therapy, Will. This is about what's going to happen for the rest of our lives." He leaned down and brushed a kiss over Will's lips, ignoring the way he tried to maneuver around it. "This needs to happen, Will. I won't go back." Suddenly Hannibal turned gentle, stroking all the areas of sensitivity on Will, feeling the muscles, but that didn't change that his other hand pressed Will's hands into the pillow above them. His hands played with the buttons on Will's pants. Will tried, once more, to move out of the way, but Hannibal

pushed his hips down and dragged his pants down over one hips, then the other. He took his time, pulling off his shoes, socks, and jeans, until all Will was wearing was his underwear. He could see the lines of stitches were he'd operated, and he trailed fingers over them, making Will shudder with pain and twitch at the touch. He didn't bother begging. Hannibal was determined to go through with it, to make Will his… partner.

When Hannibal lowered himself down to Will's body, though, he wasn't expecting… physical longing. He could feel it through Hannibal's suit, and it simultaneously made him flinch and made color rise to his cheeks. *Physical* lust? His empathetic gift hadn't shown him that at all, it was just his mind he was fascinated by, but he could feel the pressure of it on his hips, grinding down. *His*— Will blushed, unable to think about it, and what it meant. Hannibal looked up, and licked his lips.

He disrobed like a man with all the time in the world; getting up from Will and the bed to move around the room— Will's room, except now he realized it was going to *their* room— and putting everything in it's proper place. It was only when he stood there in just pants, looking at Will, mute and still with a combination of terror, helplessness and frustration that he climbed back onto the bed, and onto Will.

Holding Will down by straddling him, sitting practically atop his stomach instead of his hips and entwining their fingers seemed to be his favorite position. He unbuttoned his pants slowly, which were stretched tight over his cock. Will could see his white underwear, stretched out. His chest was unexpectedly hair and masculine, and muscles went all the way down his chest. He pushed his underwear down, and Will had to look away, partly out of denial-ridden fear, and also because while he'd always considered himself knowledgable and experienced about sex, he'd never done it with a guy, or even seen another man's, in real life.

He had to admit, from what he knew about other male's anatomy, Hannibal was big. Not terribly long (though he wasn't lacking in that either), but thick. There was a masculinity there that Will surmised bred Hannibal's confidence and secure nature.

He could see in the corner of his eye Hannibal stroking himself at a relaxed pace, looking down at Will. Will kept his eyes fixed at a corner in the room, trying to keep his heart beat under control, not to give up and cry and beg. He knew it'd get him nowhere.

Hannibal dragged the tip of his cock down Will's stomach, making him twitch again at the strange sensation, then quietly removed the rest of Will's clothes. Will was a lot less endowed than Hannibal, but it'd always been a bit more than enough to get him by, and he certainly wasn't ashamed of it on a normal basis, but this… there was no arousal in this to him, because all he could feel was humiliation.

Hannibal's hands wrapped around Will's cock, startling him though he should have expected it. It felt strange. He was used to feeling a woman's small, tentative hands down there. Hannibal's hands were big. The skin was soft but all muscles and certainty that Will imagined he built up from drawing and cooking. He couldn't help but look now, and Hannibal smiled at him and firmly started to stroke him, up and down.

"Please stop this," Will finally said.

Hannibal replied by pressing his lips firmly down on Will's, and moving off his stomach, laying all his weight down over his quarry. Will decided, though he knew it would be in vein, to try and push him away with his body, merely to see if he could. Hannibal was unmoved by the display of rebuttal, and allowed him to squirm. He moved his lips down, tracing his tongue over the straining muscles in Will's neck, catching and nibbling the sensitive hollows. His hand was still over Will, and as Will hardened, his thoughts grew more and more distracted.

"You don't seem to mind."

Will pushed back at him with indignation. "Don't you think for even a second," he spluttered, "you're making me…!"

"You have choices, Will," Hannibal lied. "I haven't taken all your choices away from you. You could chose to relax and let me work or be uncooperative and make this worse for yourself. You seem to be wavering between the two," he said with amusement. Will glared up at him.

"Whatever I do, you'll still force me to have sex with you?"

"Yes." There was an edge in his voice, that said that that point was nonnegotiable.

There was silence, and Hannibal began to work again, stroking Will and touching the sensitive parts of his body with his other hand. Will stared solemnly at the ceiling, almost unresponsive.

"Uncooperative, I think." He said quietly, a moment later, and threw his body upwards, catching Hannibal off guard. He couldn't raise his arms, but he could make his hands tight enough to leave bruises around Hannibal's wrists. He twisted out from underneath the side of him, and saw that Hannibal looked torn between shocked, amused and hurt.

"So be it." Hannibal roughly grabbed one of Will's hips and tore him painfully up and onto his stomach, leaning over his exposed back like a predator. "Maybe next time you'll deign to cooperate." Hannibal pushed Will's shoulders down and ran his tongue from the back of his neck down his spine. It felt like someone was drawing a feather down his back, it made his sense cringe and his head hurt.

He knew what would happen next.

Hannibal disappeared off the side of the bed, into the nightstand, and came out with a bottle of lube, but no condom. Will supposed if Hannibal meant to keep him, he must not have seen them as necessary. He put a generous amount in his hand and roughly spread open Will's legs, pushing his weakened thighs apart to either side to allow for better access. Will tried to close his legs, but with Hannibal between them and his legs already weakened, it was hopeless. He even tried rising up on his elbows, but each time Hannibal only smoothy pushed him down.

More willing to express his feelings now that Hannibal couldn't see his face, Will allowed for the embarrassment of the position to redden his face. He squeezed his eyes shut.

Hannibal used one hand to stroke himself, and the other played with the ass before him. He played with skin around the tight hole before he finally wetted a finger with lube and pushed one in. Will twisted, hard, and managed not to yelp at the strange sensation.

"Never done this before?" Hannibal guessed correctly. "Don't worry, William. You'll get used to it."

Will was about to respond when Hannibal gave his finger a twist, and Will focused all his energy on trying to make it stop rather than retort.

"You are delicious when you move like that." Then he smiled and pushed another finger in without any lube. There was friction, and pleasure when he stroked him inside. That didn't make Will like it any more. In fact, that made it all more shameful for him. It would be one thing if Hannibal got himself off using Will's body, but Will so badly didn't want to cooperate with him.

Hannibal moved behind him, adjusting and lining up and Will felt his cock press against between his ass. The head was large— and thicker than the fingers Hannibal had so far put in, which had hurt, slightly. Hannibal pushed in, barely an inch, and it was enough to have Will fighting back in full force.

It *hurt* and Hannibal must have known it hurt from the agonized noises Will was making, but he didn't stop. Inch by inch, he pushed into Will. Finally they were locked together: Hannibal having given all he had, and Will having took more than he could. They laid there together, Hannibal not moving, but Will could feel every aroused twitch his cock made. He might not be actively moving, but Hannibal was certainly enjoying the experience, Will knew that. Finally, Will could feel after some of the tension start to leak out of him, after too long spent fighting his way through the pain and the tears pricking at the edge of his vision.

Hannibal sighed in relief and pulled sharply out of Will, making Will cry out and hurt more than anything else. Hannibal applied more lube onto his hand and soothed Will's insides, his fingers stroking around until they found a point in him that Hannibal's cock had only ever grazed, and it made him cry out and shudder.

He'd heard of the prostate, but he hadn't known what to expect.

Hannibal smiled at Will's reactions, reflecting on what fun inexperienced men were in bed the first time. All the new feelings and positions for Will to be introduced to… he had to admit he was enjoying himself. He pushed back in, and set up a steady rate of moving, enjoying the control he had over Will, enjoying the way Will's body grew accustomed to the actions. He struggled still, but it was contradicted by the ways he moaned and pushed back when Hannibal stroked him. Pre cum leaked from his cock.

On his stomach was all well and good. It was possessive and dominating, but the romantic in him wanted something a little more special for their first time together. He pulled out and turned Will over onto his back so that Hannibal could get a really good look at Will's face. His eyes were wet with tears and his face was red— but just at the cheeks, a good healthy flush that extended to his neck. Such a pretty neck, too, Hannibal thought distractedly, but something for another time. His cock was hard and tasty looking.

Hannibal lowered his mouth down and took all of it in his mouth, a testament to his experience with male lovers, and enjoyed the moans he finally heard from Will. He moved languidly, aroused enough by the taste and experience not to go soft, and felt Will shudder beneath him. He came with a whimper, arching his back up and allowing Hannibal to caress the curves of his stomach eagerly. He doubted Will even knew he was doing it, but when he was done and spent, he laid on the bed passively as Hannibal rose up above him.

He lingered over the look of Will's thighs wet and spread apart for him, too weakened both by his orgasm and his surgery to be defensive, before moving up and touching his forehead to Will's. His muscular arms pinned Will's body onto the bed, making a cage with his flesh, before lowering himself back into that warm, tight space. Will shuddered, but with a few more strokes, his disgust faded away.

He felt so connected to Will in those moments. Their faces were close, their bodies felt inseparable, and he could feel every single twitch and jerk of Will's body. He could control him. The thought alone was almost enough to push him over the edge, but he didn't want it to end that way. With self-control, he forced himself to move slower and started to rub Will in every way he could, gaining back that momentum until both of them were needy with it.

In the last moments, Will's eyes closed and his head went back, exposing that long expanse of pale neck for Hannibal. Hannibal rose up and pushed in deeper and harder than he ever had before, simultaneously sinking his teeth into Will. With a moan that was pained and desperate, Will came and clenched around Hannibal's cock, driving both of them mad. With a satisfaction he rarely got from anyone else but Will, Hannibal licked a drop of blood from Will's lips and spilled inside of him. His moans and whimpers were a melody, and Hannibal had to close his eyes over the sound of it. Climaxing felt the final push for Hannibal from fascinated, in love, hopeful, to obsessed, possessive and desperate for everything he'd ever promised himself from Will.

He wasn't sure if there was a way out of it for either of them now.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

No rape in this chapter! Just recovery! Hopefully that makes up for the last chapter.

Will felt like a piece of himself had been carved out. It lay shredded next to him, and he couldn't look at it. Maybe it was what had been his armor, his preservation against the world. It must have been, because he felt so fragile a mere twitch would cause him to shatter into a million pieces. Whatever tough outer-layer he'd developed, Hannibal had pulled it off to admire what was underneath in less than an hour. Hannibal had given Will the decency of privacy for one night to get his ravaged emotions back in place, and Will had spent most of the night wallowing in self-hate. He should have been hating Hannibal, and he could feel the hate for him below the surface, waiting to come up, but every time the memory played over in his head, it was his actions that made him want to…

He wanted to die.

He'd cried all of last night, shrinking away from wendigos in the dark, his imagination making the horrors of what had happened to him a constant loop. He couldn't stop his mind from wandering to it. Every move he tried to make reminded him that his muscles were cut, that he was a prisoner. Every time he tried to get up, the ache between his legs reminded him what had happened to him. Every time he saw the door, it reminded him that his ordeal was far from over.

A few times, he thought he heard Hannibal lurking outside the door, but it could have easily been his frightened, overactive imagination. It constantly played tricks on him; police sirens that turned back to Hannibal's classical music, the turning of the door knob when there was none, and black images of men, watching him around his bed.

He felt broken.

He'd come close to breaking when he played around inside the minds of mad men, when Jack had pushed him to the edge, but he imagined he'd turn into the stereotypical madman. Locked away in some dark room no one could see him, drooling and fighting against a straight jacket.

Being really insane, really broken… he doubted he had the energy to fight left in him anymore. It felt like that part of him had been taken out. All he wanted was to close his eyes and never open them again, never feel anything ever again.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice startled him out of the dark hole his imagination took him too. Hannibal didn't try to apologize for the state Will was in, make any false promises or ask him if he was ok. It was clear he wasn't.

Will felt the beginnings of an emotion he couldn't place.

"Don't come near me. You're a monster." He was surprised at his own heat but feeling it's emptiness, knowing soon he'd sink back down into the hopeless apathy. Hannibal seemed to know this too, even if there was vague offense in his eyes, if not by the words, than by the tone.

“You’re upset and psychologically damaged.” Will laughed, once. Hannibal’s mouth quirked up, as if he realized how strange it was for him to be the one to point this out. “Your only responsibility is to sleep and heal. I promise it will be quite a while before something like this happens again” he said, sounding strangely authoritarian. Will blinked at him, unable to form his feelings.

Despair because it obviously wasn’t meant to be a one-off, or relief because he knew Hannibal would keep his promise for a while. Should he be thankful to Hannibal, for taking his feelings and state into account instead of using him like he could? He settled on silence.

Hannibal approached, and Will realized he was carrying a tray, a fact that somehow managed to slip by his nauseated, broken mind. There was a loaf of bread, Italian by look, a glass of water and painkillers. He stared at it emptily, wondering what he was supposed to do with it all. Hannibal saw the look in his eyes and set it down on his bedside table with a sigh.

“I won’t force you to eat and drink, but I’m sure you’d like to keep your strength up. Is there anything you need?”

Again, Will was completely silent. The two men faced off each other, watching each other with unreadable faces. Finally, Will broke it by saying, “How do I know you didn’t put something in it? The water?”

“You don’t. If I was going to drug you at this point, Will, I could do it manually just as well. In this specific case, the water is drugged. Sleeping pills. I thought you might prefer them.” His head was tilted like he was considering Will’s reaction. He held the water out, like a peace offering.

Will wasn’t about to admit that the thought of medicine induced coma sounded pretty great about then, except that it would leave him defenseless. He snorted. He’d be defenseless anyway. Hannibal had made that abundantly clear. He reached out and accepted it with weak hands, his fingers brushing lightly with Hannibal’s, making him flinch and almost drop the water. Despite the reaction to his touch, Hannibal’s eyes were gleaming. Will drank it, realizing a second too late that his acceptance of the water could be misconceived as cooperation or gratitude.

Hannibal’s lips curved into a slight smile. “Sleep well, Will. I’ll be by later to check on you. Now, however, I have some errands to run out of the house. If you should need me, I have a pager with me that you can activate by pressing this.” He showed Will and demonstrated, before pushing the loaf of bread on him, which Will reluctantly took a bite out of, before finding that he could barely swallow a single bit, no matter how delicious it was, it tasted like sand on his tongue.

Will put it down, and kept himself alert and conscious, no matter that the sleeping pills were already weighing heavily on his sleep-deprived eyes. Hannibal stood around a moment longer than he had to, looking at Will, before reaching forward and brushing a hand affectionately across his forehead. Will recoiled sharply, his drowsiness snapped away by cold sobriety, feeling as thought something cold and slimy had touched him. His eyes met Hannibal’s firmly. Hannibal kept his expression carefully blank, but he could only imagine what he was thinking beneath that cool facade.

“Good night, Will.” Hannibal exited the room coolly, grabbing the glass and the tray, taking away any chance for a weapon Will might have gotten. It made him sad, but he knew realistically even if he could get his hands on a sharp piece of glass, it didn’t mean in any way he’d be able to use it, or that it’d be beneficial. Maybe it was the visit that had cleared his focus, the anticipation of a sleep or the assurance that it would be quite some time before Hannibal visited him again, but he again felt hopefully he’d eventually find a way out.

He slipped into sleep thankfully without dreams, he was sure if he had any he knew who they'd be about, and he had no interest in seeing Hannibal again so soon.

Hannibal had spent most of his life as a psychiatrist, he knew intimate details about the healing process, responses and trigger to avoid. It was more complicated than that with Will. Not only was the way he thought and imagined completely unique from the average person, but whereas Hannibal would in all cases recommend to his patients that they avoid all reminders and visits from their rapists, it was clearly off the table in this situation. Quite the conundrum, but he had to admit he liked the challenge. He'd made a mistake today, brushing so familiarly over Will's forehead, but how could he not, when Will was looking so vulnerable, like a scared doe in the brush?

He could see that Will was going to be difficult about accepting Hannibal's presence, but he was confidant he'd prepared for every eventuality. As it was now, the main thing to do was try to get Will on a comfortable schedule, some stability he could count on that would help in the healing process. He'd offer him all sorts of comforts; pleasuring comfort food, his space, whatever it took for Will to gain a surer footing.

He'd even confess his love, though it all seemed a bit ridiculous to him. He wasn't sure about love, but he knew people preferred a concrete basis and reason for irrational things he did. If it convinced Will that the only threat Hannibal posed him was in his mind and body, then he was fine with pronouncing all sorts of things, and obviously being rejected. He'd come around, if not to feeling sincere love for Hannibal, that might take many years, to at least accepting Hannibal as a constant presence in his life. That was important.

Hannibal brushed his hand over a chocolate bar that he'd seen wrappers of in Will's house during his visits. It was cheap and a bit offensive to his taste. The last thing he'd want in his house and maybe a little tacky for him to give as a gift. Something more expensive, more suitable to Hannibal then? He pondered the problem thoughtfully.

He'd be offering Will all sorts of gifts on his return. The least he could do, considering the splendid way he'd spent the night with Will. He'd have liked to spent the entire night, wake up the morning after to watch Will as he slept off his exhaustion, see the morning light shine on his face, but Will had rightfully become absolutely hysterical after about the third round. It was to be expected, he supposed, but he'd been having such a lovely time, and he was confidant that at moments Will had been into it too.

Poor lamb, he thought, licking his lips unconsciously and remembering the taste of his skin, of his lips, bruised and sucked on. Because of his intimate knowledge of Will's mind and hallucinations, he knew Will had probably experienced such things throughout the night. He wondered if it was him Will had imagined, and if he'd made love to him all throughout the night in Will's mind. The thought made him shiver.

He got back on the road much more cheerfully, taking the back roads carefully. He pulled up to the little white house, smiling when he heard the dogs barking. They'd been gone less than a week, which meant they were probably hungry, but also that no one had come and found Will missing yet. A pity, the thoughtless way his so-called friends and colleagues treated him. Something he'd never have to experience again, fortunately. He was glad no one else would have the chance to break his Will.

The dogs jumped up as he opened the door, but he held his ground firmly, and although they were hungry, they responded obediently to his commands. They whined piteously, and Hannibal mercifully distributed the sausage he'd brought. He'd also brought more dog food for them, but he figured that could wait. He'd be taking one of the dogs with him. Question was, which one would Will appreciate the most?

His mind automatically went to Winston, an obedient mutt with devotion to Will, but he took into consideration that Will would have quite a bit of time on his hands, plenty of time to train a larger dog like that to attack and defend. Though he wondered if Will would have the heart to put his dogs at risk like that. The littlest one, a middle-aged terrier, was a good size and he was sure equally appreciated, but he didn't like the way he yapped and snapped at Hannibal's heels.
Once again, he dumped the food out onto the floor, and watched the fight that came. Naturally, no serious injuries were sustained, but they snarled viciously at each other and snarfed up as much as they could.
Except Winston, who looked hungrily at the preceding, but was soon discarded to the side as he refused to snarl and jostle. Despite his average size, it was clear Winston was not the aggressor of the pack. Interesting. He whistled, and Winston was the only to turn, looking faithfully up at him. Could he sway the dog to his side? He waved it off dismissively as a silly question. The dog would be obedient to whoever fed, walked and trained him. That would be him. He held out a sausage temptingly to him, and lured him outside and to the car. Inside, the dogs were still doing their best to eat as fast as they could. Only a few more days before someone came and found them, he had no doubt.
He gave the dog it's own fair share of a meal and left Wolftrap pleased with himself. Will would be pleased.

Will woke up with the beginning of a headache, the first on his long list of aches and bruises. He could feel the beginnings of that cold, depressive pit tugging on his mind, hallucinations in the corner of his mind, but the last place he wanted to go was there. Hannibal's visit, while not totally reassuring, had at least brought him some assurance about what was there and what wasn't. He could think for himself now, sort out his mind, and while there was a gigantic thing he refused to think about, he could think around it.
His arms were sore. The cuts had, not reopened exactly, but the tremendous strain of Will fighting had torn what muscles were beginning there. His legs weren't much better. His ass… well, that was going towards the problem, but he could admit it hurt. He hoped Hannibal intended to keep his promise about staying away, as it seemed all the work he'd put into regaining his muscles were no good. Obviously, he couldn't build up a muscles mass fast enough, so he'd have to think of another way out, now that fighting or running were, probably, out of the question. He hoped Hannibal would have some sort of phone, computer or anything electronic, really… for emergencies. He had no doubt Hannibal had planned for every eventuality. Then, his first course of action was the ability to move around the home, then try to find a phone or something to give a distress signal in. If that failed, he could start a fire. He doubted Hannibal would be pleased, but he was willing to risk dying if it meant getting away.
He wondered how determined he was to escape Hannibal— the simplest way would be through suicide. Was he willing to commit suicide to escape Hannibal's embrace, the food made of human flesh, the isolation? It sat with him for a while. He had thought of suicide before, mostly in high school, when he couldn't see an end to his nightmares or a use for his abilities, but he'd gotten over it. With no hope in sight, would he…
He heard a rumble in the house of the garage opening, and strained to hear anything, even knowing it was never anything good. His stomach gave an uncomfortable flip. What if Hannibal's trip had been to bring in a new victim? Will had not been able to keep the last one down, and he knew there was another somewhere in the household (he felt momentarily bad for forgetting about the victim) but as the Chesapeake Ripper, he wouldn't put it past

Hannibal to be developing multiple murderers at the same time. If he did continue killing, though, it fortunately put him in a better position to be caught and Will set free.
He bit his lip guiltily. He shouldn't be rooting for more murders in the hope it'd help him.
Hannibal knocked on the door, shaking him out of his thoughts. "Will?" There was a moment's pause and then he spoke with obvious pleasure. "I've brought someone to see you."
Will froze in horror. His mind whirled through several horrifying possibilities. Could he have brought someone back from Will's past, a doctor or a new victim—?
He heard a familiar whine behind the door and his eyes widened just as the door opened and a dark bundle shot across the floor. He let out a breath like he'd been punched and unexpectedly felt tears rise to his eyes. Winston barked once and jumped up on the bed, tail wagging fiercely and nose poking Will.
Will buried his face in Will's fur and got his hair messed up from Winston's licking. Tears streamed shamefully down his face and he felt the corner of a smile tugging at him. His dogs always pushed away the nightmares, of course, it was the perfect balm—
"I'll let you two get reacquainted, then," Hannibal said, clearly amused and pleased in the doorway. Will looked up at him hazily, and saw that Hannibal was virtually beaming at him, not like a normal person would but with the faintest traces of emotion that betrayed him, the familiar way that he could read Hannibal remind him of the days when they were friends and confidants, and he blinked at Hannibal without any malice for a moment.
Hannibal's smile stretched and he closed the door softly, before Will could come back to himself.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> Very sorry again! So, long story short: I've had this chapter written for a very, very long time, but I thought I posted it and so I didn't want to write another, so I put it off.... hehehhe... well I found it so here you go.
> You've waited long enough, god knows, you poor things :(

Chapter 7

“Please eat something, Will.” The glass chimed as it came down beside Will’s head. He barely turned his head, choosing to focus on the clear glass and particles in the water instead of Hannibal, whose head was turned to one side; his eyes evaluating. A therapist’s eyes. Will didn’t want to see them. He closed his eyes and Winston whined pitifully, his nose wet underneath Will’s hand. Two weeks. That’s how long he’d been held in captivity, the hours dwindled away by his hallucinations and short visits by his former-psychiatrist, but as time went on more often than not Hannibal pulled up a chair beside Will’s bed. Sometimes he gazed at Will, the curve of his cheek, the frayed edges of his hair, and Hannibal would run a single finger over his lip, endlessly tracing Will’s body with his maroon eyes.
Other times he talked to Will, told him lightly about the things he’d done. In fact, the secrets seemed to spill out of him. Augustus Smith, the car mechanic. Lilian Daniels, the maid. Adam Peithrou, the homeless man who’d spat at him. He spoke in a lulling, melodic tone about the way he’d cut them up, the same way he spoke about cooking and about psychiatry. He talked to Will with a passion for what he did. It was nothing like the raving mad man he expected…
No… He knew the Ripper, because he’d gotten inside of his mind. The way he had always envisioned the Ripper was exactly like Hannibal. Sophisticated. Refined. Incomparable to any other human being. To say that he expected Hannibal to be a madman was only because he wanted him to be a madman, to confirm all the terrible things Will wanted to think about him. He wanted something to compare Hannibal to, to make sense of it all.
Despite what Jack and the rest of them seemed to think, his empathy did have its limits, and one of those was when his emotions interfered with the connections he normally made. He desperately didn’t want to connect, not even to divine the purpose of his capture from Hannibal. He wasn’t even sure if he could. Hannibal might be just strange enough that there’d be no way for Will to connect with him.
“I’ve made you miso soup, a light and tasteful dinner, I think you’ll find quite satisfying, combined with rice and a light, sugary snack. I hope you’ll eat something.” Hannibal sat back, frowning at this predicament. Winston came forward and rested his wet nose underneath Will’s palm. Hannibal knew if left to their own devises, Winston would end up with all of Will’s food. He hoped with a light soup, Will might taste a bit for himself. He

wanted Will to be clear and sharp for the day, since today he had a gift for him.
"I'm not interested," Will laid his head to the side. He heaved a deep sigh. He didn't want to die, by Hannibal's hands or starvation. He doubted he would have the willpower to do something like that anyway. He just lacked hunger, lack feeling, lacked… himself. He'd been torn apart, and now he couldn't even get the energy up to eat food.
Emotionally, he was drained.
But two weeks was enough for Will to recover, a little. Hannibal made good on his promise to keep away. Somedays it was so tempting to lean over just a bit, for a small kiss, but he resisted. He didn't think he'd enjoy Will this way anyway, with empty eyes and a far too thin figure. The only part about Will's new slenderness and fragile state of mind that he enjoyed were his fantasies of comforting Will, of rebuilding him. Wrapping his arms around that soft, skinny frame, feeding the finest cooking into his soft, red mouth… including human flesh. Kissing the head of dark curls, wrapping him up in blanket 'til he was warm.
What he didn't know was that behind the aching body and bruised psyche, Will's mind was not damaged, was not incomplete. If his emotions were shattered, if he felt like he was floating on a cloud most of the time, somehow the clinical part of his mind, separate from his empathy, kept it together. The part of his mind that had grown up in a poor family and worked hard to get into the FBI. True, they used him and found him useful for the select set of abilities he had, but he'd worked hard to put himself through school. All those classes, all the time spent in the firing range, working out solutions… Already his muscles were healing to the point where he could walk across the room all he wanted. Hannibal didn't seem to mind. Even his empathy would be useful if he could employ it when he needed it, use it to snoop out when Hannibal would be at his most vulnerable.
So, no, even though he was torn apart, he wasn't what Hannibal thought he was, expected him to be. Perhaps that was better, at least for Hannibal, because the mind he himself was developing as the result of his desire to escape was closer to what Hannibal wanted than what he saw. Hannibal was balanced on a knife's edge between wanting to a soft, gentle Will in his bed, to comfort and love, and wanting a predator to hunt with. While his desire was on the edge of going either way, so too was Will's psyche.
He could become the type of killer Hannibal always wanted him to be, and find a way to plunge a knife between the cracks in his armor for what he'd done to Will, or he could run far away, escape and maybe someday find peace with what happened to him.
But the day he'd decide was fast approaching.

It began when Hannibal decided he'd take a trip into town once more, to restock on food items that the exquisite cuisine he made couldn't exist without. Naturally, Will was told none of this, but when Hannibal was sitting with him he made the mistake of letting a small detail slip, and Will's perceptive mind picked up on it right away. Hannibal, of course, assumed Will was retaining none of the information he droned on about.
When he heard the faint, otherwise mundane sound of a door being closed, Winston whined as he sensed a change in his owner's demeanor. Sickly bright eyes snapped to attention, and he hauled himself out of bed easily, feet rustling on the floor where Winston lay anxiously. Honestly, Winston had been an invaluable companion for the weeks he'd been in the house, and now he hoped desperately he could return the favor by getting out with him, as well. As Will's hands fumbled with the door knob, Winston was on his heels. The door slide open sleekly.

Beyond it, a hallway as richly furnished as he vaguely remembered, but he caught details he hadn't last time. The rich gold framing of the tasteful oil painting, the roughness of the antique carpet, the walls well-smoothed and old. Wherever they where, Will had a grim insight that Hannibal had chosen it based on style than on practicality. He was used to living a rich and extravagant lifestyle, after all, it was in his nature. Now it'd get him killed.
Well, hopefully.
Will stumbled down the stairs, hit by a rush of excitement. If Hannibal had chosen a stylish home, a place for he and Will to live, above an isolated and practical cabin in the woods, it meant he still had a chance, whether the nearest home be twenty minutes to walk or only a few feet. They weren't in the middle of nowhere.
The kitchen was as he remembered it, and he could still taste flesh on his tongue. It made him shudder, and made his skin crawl. It was impeccably clean, tidy, and the stainless steel was a cold kind of force. Exactly like Hannibal Lector.
Will slammed open the patio door to the outside, ignoring the trembling strain in his legs, and took in deep breaths of cool air. Around him was forest, and for a moment he was terrified his hypothesis was wrong, that they were so deeply entrenched in the forest that it was impossible to escape, until he heard the quiet hum of a highway and the tension sagged out of him. It could have been miles away, in the quiet of the forest it was only vaguely recognizable. Will stiffened his resolve and marched back into the kitchen.
He'd need warmer clothes, shoes, a cellphone if he could find one would be ideal—
"Please!" The voice was scratchy, worn down and fainter than the noises of the high way in the distance. Will's head cocked to one side.
No. If Hannibal had kept a victim in the house— he'd assumed he'd already eaten her— he'd would've talked about it with Will. Unless he was saving her for a special occasion, like a fine wine or a particularly scrumptious roast. An event he couldn't predict, like if Will were to become his—
That would certainly be an event worth saving a victim for.
It was that thought that broke his paralyze, and sent him scrambling towards the pantry door, only to find a dead end of food supplies. The door would be around somewhere; perhaps the house used to have an old wine cellar he'd sealed off? He felt like he canvased every square inch, knowing that each second that ticked by was one where Hannibal came closer and closer to coming home.
By the time his fingers found a notch in the wood, he was almost sobbing with desperation. Knowing full well that he couldn't leave in good faith, and hating the idea of staying a second longer. In the end it was the girl and Winston that allowed for him to find the door, the girl's hoarse voice high-pitched as she responded to Will's calls, and Winston tipping his head in the direction of the strange sound.
Will burst downstairs, limbs shaking frailly, all the strength he'd built up almost spent. FBI! He almost wanted to shout, and the fact that he couldn't made a bubble of hysteria rise to his lips.
"I'm here," he said instead. "I'm here."
The girl was filthy. Clearly she had been taken care of— there was evidence of food, water, buckets, blankets—but like a pig she'd been left in a stall barely big enough to turn around in, with hardly any human concessions. Her hair and eyes were brown, and the dress she wore was once pretty. The grim on her and the terror in her eyes, as her eyes swiveled this way and that like a startled animal, made the dress look out of place on her. He fell to his knees in front of her, legs giving out and the relief at having found her that great.
"Please," she said. "Get me out of this— I just wanna go home, please. I won't tell anyone

about this. I-I'll keep my mouth shut. I'll pretend I went to visit friends, okay? Just please don't take me like the other ones, oh please god please—"
"I'm with the FBI," He finally managed to say, wincing at the words as they resonated with him, though he didn't know why. "I was a captive, too. We're getting out, okay? Just stay calm. Can you tell me where the keys are?" She was mute, staring at him with gigantic eyes and a trembling frame. "Miss! Miss! Where are the keys?"
She held up a trembling hand, and Will scrambled with them, words rushing out of him suddenly. "I don't know how long we have until he comes back, I can hold him off if you can escape maybe—"
"You mean he's not locked up?" She wailed. "He'll come back and kill us!"
"Calm down. Calm down, and just cooperate with me. First, tell me your name, just talk to me until I can get you out of there, okay?"
She took a deep breath, clearly struggling with panic. "Ok. My name is Elizabeth Bryant, I work at the supermarket in town and I— um…"
"What town? Where are we, Elizabeth?" The keys finally clicked when he tried the fourth key, and she nearly pushed him down in her struggle to get out of the cage she'd been trapped in for who knows how many weeks. Her eyes and Will's locked for a moment as they mutually and silently agreed the time for calm and order was over, and the both bolted for the cellar stairs. Will was right behind her as they both burst into the pantry.
Winston gave them both a startled, wide eyed look and made a soft, whiny bark. Perhaps the only indication they had that something was off. Except then when they reached the kitchen — smooth white kitchen, Will's mind whispered, the taste of garlic and human flesh—there was a bag of groceries on the counter. It passed unnoticed by both in their desperation. Winston bringing up the rear, Will fumbled with the patio door, feeling cold sweat leak down his spine when he realized it hadn't been locked before.
"Will?" He heard from behind him. That accent, that timber, and a slight vulnerability and sadness in his tone. His eyes closed for a second in replacement for the tears that he wanted to shed.
Elizabeth screamed and Will's fingers finally found the lock, he shoved her, trembling and high on adrenaline, through the door before turning to face Hannibal. Hannibal, who had somehow managed to move across the room in the space of a few seconds, whose hands reached up gently to touch Will's face, before his grip tightened. He slammed Will's head against the wall with expert precision, just hard enough for Will's eyes to flutter closed, before he straightened and chased after the girl. Will was conscious just long enough to know that despite his efforts, the girl still didn't stand a chance.

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Fingers brushed back hair on his forehead. They were slightly cold, slightly wet, and he dreamed he could see them clearly. In his dream they were long and misshapen— he knew the wetness was blood, he was still present enough to make that connection— curling with rage over his head. The dream was a product of his desires, he knew because when he woke up Hannibal would have beautiful hands again.

Hannibal had the hands of a surgeon, a sculptor, a craftsman. Will hated that about him. He hated the tenderness of those hands. When Hannibal pressed dry, smooth lips against his forehead, hovering to check for a fever, Will hates him. Hates the kindness, hates that he's the exception.

What it all came back to was that Will desperately wanted Hannibal to be a monster. To look like a monster, to treat him like a monster would, even at the cost of his own life. He did not want what his empathy revealed— that Hannibal's hands were gentle on his forehead because he… because Hannibal, despite it all, loved Will…

And Will glowed underneath it.

It wasn't something he could help, or even something that came from feeling towards Hannibal. It wasn't even a mirror of Hannibal's feelings.

A prick on his arm that he didn't even flinch at. He fell into sleep without any possible defense against it, as easy as if he had chosen to comply.

He woke twice. The first time he was conscious of Hannibal's presence, in the way only he could be. It lingered at the edge of the room, and made his jaw tense and his heart speed. Sleep was there, he could feel it's pull, but release only came when he heard the familiar whine of Winston. Followed by his tongue on Will's face. It calmed him to know Winston was there. Things with Hannibal weren't so bad if he hadn't taken Winston away.

The second time he realized his muscles were cut again. It came to him slowly, as he woke up he realized it and slammed his head back onto the pillow. Weeks of building up his strength, and all for nothing. He felt so frustrated he wanted to swear, but he was awake and conscious and he did not want to face whatever punishment Lector would come up with for what he had done. So he had to keep quiet.

He breathed in and out, and thought about the last time Lector had cut him up. He was crying before he knew it, big ugly tears coming down his face that he didn't want or understand.

He kicked one leg, and then the other. They responded weakly, seconds after he meant for them to move, and it took all his focus to raise them up.

He remembered trying to crawl away as Hannibal moved across the bed, a predator unclothed and hungry for him. The shine of delight in Hannibal's eyes as the weak muscles in Will's arms made him pliant. He remembered straining his arms and legs so much the cuts reopened. He remembered the blood, and the feeling of Hannibal's…

He was sobbing.

When had he started sobbing?

He didn't want to be sitting on the bed anymore. He didn't want to have his muscles cut, to have that power taken away from him. He didn't want to have tried to save that girl, if this was what came of it. He didn't want to see Hannibal.

He pulled himself off the bed, with what little desperate strength he had. He hit the ground hard, which was when Hannibal walked in, frowning and carrying a large cooking utensil. He opened his mouth to say something, and then he saw Will on the ground. He remembered Hannibal looking like a monster then— as he crawled across the bed, as he pulled Will to him, as his powerful arms and skillful hands trapped and traced Will— and he looked to Will like a monster again in that moment. In his hands was a meat tenderizer, and he knew without being told not what, but who, the utensil was for.

"Will, there was no need to fall." He's chiding and disapproving, but at least the tenderizer is put down. "I can see you're upset, but I hardly feel that's justified in this situation."

Will let out a strangled laugh. What situation? He wanted to ask. He knew what the answer would be. The one where you betrayed my trust and attempted escape, Will. Hannibal would respond. But, oh, he was good. Better than any mock-up Will could dream of. He'd have him doubting himself and berating himself in no time.

He was balled up tight. He wanted his arms to block out the sight of Hannibal, standing over him. His arms would not lift. The tears had stopped when Hannibal came in, out of self-preservation and dignity. They started up again. Will was the prey in the corner of the room, he was a small, insignificant thing that couldn't even save a little girl, and Hannibal was going to come for him. He knew even if it didn't happen soon, it would happen. What could he do to stop it?

"Will," Hannibal was crouching in front of him, making no move to come closer. "Will. Listen to me. You are not helpless, and you are not going to be a victim of me forever." Startled, he listened, pausing in between his sobs. "I know we have a lot of things to work through, and I know this can't be easy for you. All I ask is that you stay true to yourself."

Hannibal Lector held Will's eyes without hesitation, the maroon in his eyes shining so brightly he was afraid it would illuminate every dark corner in his mind for Will to see. He was afraid he would see lust, desire, possessiveness, but all he saw was what Hannibal saw in Will.

And once again, it made him warm.

He was desperate for it, after all those years of being a social outcast, of being the unstable one, the one with troubles. He'd had his fair share of lovers, of friends, but not a single one of them had looked at Will that way since his father passed. Like he was important and wonderful.

Will crumbled further, pulling his body in smaller and closer. His hair brushed the back of his neck, which was exposed to Hannibal, even as he tried to shelter himself from view. His brown curls aren't nearly long enough for my taste, Hannibal thought as Will's hands struggle to rise to cover his crying face. He thought about how nice it would be to see those curls get even more unruly, just so that someday Hannibal could trim them all back.

He sucked in a deep breath, flexed his fingers and exercised control. Will was crying because of him. He had two perfectly natural, instinctual reactions. The first was to push him further, to show him something to cry over. Reach his hand out and grip those perfect curls, expose his tear stricken face, and kiss it. Feel his lips between his teeth and tear into that perfect skin. The other instinct was to take Will in his arms carefully, hold him tenderly until he stopped crying. Whisper words of praise and encourage, words that, if Will believed them, would suck him deeper into a spiral of dependency. He could groom Will to belong to him, the way a pup belongs to it's dam, out of need. The delightful things he could do to him…

Hannibal did neither of those things.

If he had wanted a victim to take the brunt of his passion and violence, or a victim that would submissive in all things, he could have chosen anyone. Granted, it would have been someone beautiful and clever like Will Graham, but he had lived a long life and found plenty as stirring and as enticing.

What made Will unique, what made Hannibal want him, was his empathy.

Ravishing emotionally or physically, he pondered, might be satisfying in the short-term, but it would only diminish his value over time. He needed his empath whole and alert, if he wanted to create a *partner*.

"Will, I need you to stay true to yourself. I know you can conquer the challenges I have placed before you, I've always believed you capable of that. I promise I will not touch you more than I have to to get you back onto the bed. I want only your recovery." He moved to touch Will, just a light touch at the shoulder, to reassure him but he was startled by the snort of disdain from Will.

"You want only my recovery?" His head was back, his eyes piercing Hannibal for a moment, a twitch of contempt on his lips. "Lying does not become you, Doctor Lector."

Hannibal smiled wholly and without reservation, his hand lingering on Will's shoulder a moment longer. "Does your empathy tell you that or your distrust?" He reached his arms around Will's waist and pulled him up to the bed, impressed by the way Will worked to contain his shudders and twitches. He was in Hannibal's arms one more time, blissfully for just a few seconds, before he upheld his word and released him.

"My common sense," Will responded hoarsely. Lying down once more, he gazed at the ceiling, resolutely not at Lector, and fought down another panic attack. "Whatever you intend to do to me, Doctor Lector, past experience can tell me your priority is definitely not my best interest."

Hannibal sat at the edge of the bed for a moment, thinking about it and looking at Will. If Will had been looking back, he would have been surprised to see real, genuine happiness and affection at these words.

If Will was resisting, it meant he was still thinking independently. It meant he still had the focus and clarity to turn into what Hannibal desired.

"You're free to believe whatever you wish," he murmured and stood. "Excuse me, I have a dish to finish. I think you'll like it; it's fresh heart wrapped in bacon and basil, with a radish —"

"I don't want to hear it," Will closed his eyes, his stomach turning uncomfortably. "I don't want to hear about what you took from her, Lector, *god*."

"You'll enjoy it far more than you would have enjoyed her company, Will. She really was an awful girl." That said, Hannibal rose and brushed minuscule dirt off his pants, frowning in memory.

"I'm not going to enjoy it. I'm not going to eat it." Will breathed out. "I don't care what you do to me." It was a curious turn of phrase that made Hannibal's head tilt, but he chose to take it in it's simplest form, rebellion, instead of the things he could have. He left the room silently, realizing he didn't take Will seriously from the lightness of his feet. Despite hearing Will's defiance, he was convinced he would bring him around to eating and enjoying. He had all the leverage, after all, and Will was in no state to be talking about the things he could endure Hannibal doing to him when he just came down from a panic attack himself. No, it was going fine.

He checked twice on the heart, and did more fine work with the sides. Each dish was crafted to perfection, nothing too overdone for his Will. Even on the off chance Will didn't

eat it, the process in itself was soothing.

The plates, warmed by the heat of the heart, rested in the palm of Hannibal's hand. He would eat his dinner with Will Graham, so he could gain the satisfaction of seeing the girl disappear like nothing in the presence of the two of them. He didn't want any trace of her to remain, no living part anyway. Will Graham would keep her in his mind, no doubt, but he would always remember the way he and his doctor bit into her.

Hannibal sighed deeply in satisfaction.

When he opened the door, Will was lying in bed, looking oddly calm. The storm of panic and anguish and memories had seemed to pass, leaving behind this version of Will. Hannibal paused at the doorway, admitting to himself that he did not know what possible frame of mind Will could be in, and oddly excited by this.

He walked steadily into the room and, knowing Will couldn't knock it away, set up a tray with the food right under Will's nose. No doubt the smell was coming to him, the girl's delicious body set up right in front of him, her heart on display.

Will turned his face towards Hannibal, and licked his lips subconsciously. His eyes followed Hannibal as he pulled up a chair and table beside Will's beside. He watched him with sharp, dark eyes that sent a thrill down Hannibal's spine.

When he spoke his voice was low. "Hannibal." His given name spoken made a burst of pain and longing explode in his chest. He looked up. "Come here." Will's eyes were on Hannibal's every move, not focused the least on the meal in front of him. "Look at me closely. I am not going to run away again. I am not going to run. I am going to get stronger, and you are going to let me get stronger. And when I'm done…"

Hannibal had leaned into his words.

"I am going to kill you."

Hannibal smiled.

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